In a bustling coral reef, a mischievous young clownfish named Nemo thrived in the anemone’s embrace. He delighted in fabricating tales of danger, often darting out to shout, “Tiger shark! Tiger shark! The predator approaches!” The nearby schools of fish—striped sergeant majors and curious angelfish—would swarm to his side, their scales shimmering with concern. But each time, Nemo would giggle, flicking his fins as he revealed, “It’s just a game! No shark here, silly!” The fish, though kind-hearted, grew weary and drifted back to their routines, muttering, “No more tricks.”

Weeks later, Nemo repeated his ruse, crying, “Tiger shark! Tiger shark!” The reef’s inhabitants, now wary, hesitated. Only a few timid gobies peered out from crevices before dismissing his plea. “You’ve drained our trust,” a grumpy pufferfish warned. Left alone, Nemo smirked, retreating to his anemone.

Then, a genuine shadow loomed—a sleek, silver barracuda, its jaws glinting. Panic-stricken, Nemo screamed, “Help! Help! The predator is here!” His voice echoed through the water, but the reef remained eerily still. The barracuda struck, its speed a blur, and Nemo vanished into the hungry depths.